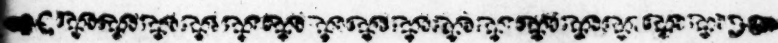
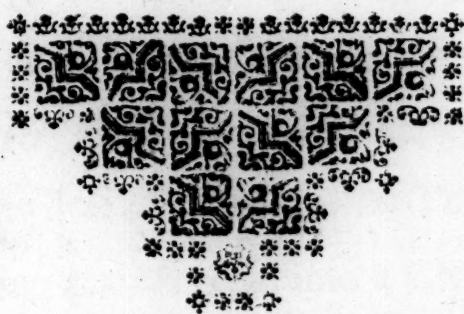
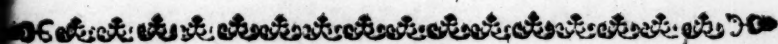


THE
DUTCH
EMBASSY.



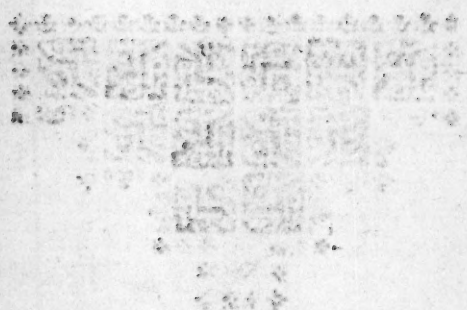
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DUTCH

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X

THE
DUTCH EMBASSY.

WHEN *George, the Great Elector of Hanover,*

So timely, kindly, for our sakes came over ;
Solely upon th' Account of our Welfare,

Not of his Issue thinking, or himself, Sir ;

But pure good Nature, Royal Courtesy

Prevail'd upon him to set *England* free

From *Popery* and *France* — O happy we !

Being arriv'd at's Ease in *London-Town*,

And having put his Head into a Crown,

Happy the Crown that sticks on such a Front ;

Happy the Throne that has him plac'd upon't ;

A 2 Happy

Happy the Footstool that do's ease his Corns,
 Happy the Night-Cap covers his great Horns.
 Sure such a King the *British* Throne ne'er saw,
 Whose sweet Majestick Phiz Mankind must
 awe.

Soon as he fill'd his great Ancestors Throne,
 Where, like a Farthing-Candle at Noon, he
 shone ;

His Brother-Kings thought 'twas but very
 meet,

With civil Terms and Presents for to greet
 A King, so Fam'd, so Great, so Good, so Sweet.

From all the Princes of dread Christendom
 Fine Compliments, whole Waggon-loads, did
 come.

Each King, Republick, Petty-State, freight sent
 Envoy, Ambassador, or Resident.

The *Hogan Mogan* who do's nought in vain,
 Hoping their once lov'd Whigs once more
 might Reign,

Resolv'd

Resolv'd to send a solemn Embassy,
 To make a Bow, to Pray, to tell a Lie
 To's *High-Dutch, Low-Dutch, British* Majesty.
 After mature and sage Deliberation,
 Who was most fit to represent their Nation,
 They chuse a Man both Lame in Feet and
 Sense,
 Who must transhuit it to his Audience.
 His Lameness and their Politicks agree,
 When Int'rest calls they'll run, and so can he.
 His Excellency settled on his Breech,
 Desired first that he might have a Speech :
 Puzzel'd at this, as well indeed they might,
 Knowing none there had learn'd to Read or
 Write ;
 They could not find one grave-fac'd formal
 Fool,
 Of all the State, had ever been at School ;

So

So told him fairly not to be delay'd,
 He must *ex tempore* speak it, as he pray'd.
 Seemingly pleas'd, from Council he departed,
 Gay in his Looks, but very heavy-hearted.
 His Wife soon found it out, *A Jest*, says she,
Why here's our true-blue Priest, French Refugee,
Our Saint will make a Speech with any he.
He can both Drink, and Pray, and Whore, and
Cant,
He'll make just such a Speech as you do want.
 No sooner said than done, the Priest agrees,
 The Speech is made, and he receiv'd his Fees.
 His Excellency pleas'd with this Beginning,
 Pack'd up at once his Speech and dirty Linnen,
 Wind fair, as was his Speech, did waft him
 o'er,
 Speech, Bag, and Baggage, all came safe on
 Shore.

Here

Here he did meet a Partner in the Prize,
 Like two Dogs coupled, whom the same
 Chain ties,
 One not sufficient for such weighty Lies.

The Day once come, they at the *Tower* mount
 (Would some were there, not on the same
 Account)

Their Excellencies, with their Bums so great
 Could scarcely squeeze into the Coach of State.

But what Pen can describe the great Parade
 Themselves, their Coaches, and their Horses
 made?

My Brains are all confus'd; when I but mention
 Their Elegance of State, and nice Invention.
 Black was the Ground-work for the Death of
 Queen,

But over that our Tinsel King was seen :

Tawdry with Grave, how well they do unite,

Salt Tears with Laughter, Mourning with
 Delight?

But

But in One Word, as well as Ninety Nine,
 It was all over *Dutch*: That must be fine !
 They made their Entry in this dismal Form,
 As others do their *Exit* at *Tyburn*:
 And if they dare stay here, 'tis Ten to One
 The same Coach serves that Turn for what
 they've done.
 But by this time their Excellencies tumbled
 To *Somerſet-Houſe*, with Guts moſt rarely
 jumbled.
 In this triumphant Way theſe Bear-like Fellows
 Were hither brought, that they might fill their
 Bellies.
 There Days and Nights they liv'd in unknown
 Plenty,
 And thought of nought but how to fill and
 empty.
 With Beef and Pudding having cheer'd their
 Hearts,
 The great *Myn Heers* reſolv'd to play their Parts.
 Leaving

Leaving that House, their Stomach's did com-
plain,

Dispairing e'er to be so fill'd again.

With Equipage made up of Grief and Sorrow
They at St. James's knock'd, and bid the King
Good Morrow.

It being Shifting Day, he sent a *Tark*

To tell he was about unusual Work,

And that he would be with them in a jirk.

Their Excellencies thank'd his Highness much,

Sat down, Tobacco chew'd, and grumbled

Dutch:

When on a sudden a great Door flew ope,

His Majesty appear'd like any Pope;

Both as a Spiritual and a Temp'ral Prince,

In Grace a Bishop, and a King in Sense;

They frighten'd, not expecting him so soon,

Empty'd their Mouths in haste, and spoil'd the

Rcom.

At last, having regain'd their Wits and
Phrases,

They made three awkward Scrapes, and three
Grimaces,

And thus began to tell how sad their Case was.

*Dread Sir ! we're glad to see you on this Throne,
Not for your sake, by God, but for our own.
Our Hopes are rais'd since you the Scepter rule,
That England's King may once more be our Tool.
So quick's the Change from dire and late Disasters,
We can't express the Joy of our Great Masters :
For since Self-Int'rest is our God and Laws,
Never had Joy more just or lawful Cause.
Had ANNA liv'd, we must have been undone,
In Trade, in Liberty, and in Religion ;
She basely chose such Servants as have prov'd,
'Twas England's Glory, not the Dutch they lov'd.*

They

They said we must not Trade just as we'd wish;
 Nay, would not suffer us to catch their Fish:
 In our own Seas forsooth we must be muzzled,
 And other where they would not be bambozled.
 Our Liberties thus threaten'd, 'tis most true,
 If we han't Leave to take what's not our due,
 Our dear Religion too must turn to Pope;
 Rather than part with that, we'd swing in Rope.
 In this sad plight were we when Heav'n did raise
 Thee to a King; for which Eternal Praise
 Be render'd to him both on Earth and Seas.
 How much does Frogland owe to Providence,
 Who at this Juncture fought in her Defence?
 But then this Twin in State does please us so,
 We cannot speak how much to you we owe.
 Confirm the Whigs, for they are our fast Friends,
 They'll ruin Souls and all to serve our Ends.

Keep Tories down, this strongly we entreat you,
 Or else, alas! we'll ne'er have leave to cheat you:
 You must grant this, you cannot sure do less
 Than in the glorious Days of Will and Bess
 This difference tho' 'twixt them we must allow,
 We govern'd Will, but Bess made us a law.

We're pleas'd, Great Sir, that we can be so free,
 Nay with a King that loves not Flattery,
 A King who'd conquer Sampson in the Field,
 In Piety David to him must yeild,
 To you in Wisdom Solomon's a Fool;
 If Equity we'd learn, you are the Rule:
 You're Prudent, Daring, above all most Gracious,
 Most Good, most Liberal, and most Sagacious;
 Besides a Thousand Vertues we can tell,
 For which you ne'er can have a Parallel.

But

*But, Sir, in fine not to detain you longer,
 And that the Union 'twixt us may grow stronger,
 Love Dutch and Whigs, to Tories be a Foe,
 And late may you descend to Shades below.*

*But if you must die—oh!—may your young Ass
 Be just to us as his Great Father was ;*

*And so Rule on unto the End of Time,
 And Fools succeed to Fools for ever in your Line.*

*The King, surpriz'd with their great Elo-
 quence,*

Did pause for a Reply with equal Sense.

*Thrice having nodded, scratch'd, he gave a
 Hem,*

And in these Royal Terms accosted them :

Dear Friends, and good Allies, as I am a King,

But Most joyful News for us you hither bring ;

Nor

Nor can I show how vast is my Delight,
 To have my Deeds approv'd by People so Polite.
 But without Compliments, I do assure you,
 I'll be a Fool for ever to secure you.
 And here I vow, by this most harmless Sword,
 You may rely upon my Royal Word.

Pleas'd with the Oath, each bow'd to each
 his Chin,
 And just came out such Knaves as each came in.
 Next they direct their Steps to Wales's Prince,
 Who looks the very Picture of good Sense.
 They made Three Blunders, and some Fifty
 Lies,
 In showing England bless'd in a young Prince
 so Wise.
 He with a foolish Smile, and Nod of Head,
 Seem'd highly pleas'd with what the Sea-Bears
 said ;

And

And in a Stile most Eloquent and Friendly,
Did thank their High and Mightineffes kindly.

After a Cringe, they left the pretty Ape,
And turning to her Highness with a Scrape,
Admir'd her Wit, her Bubbies, and her Shape.

She with an Air that must charm ev'ry Heart,
Made a low Curtesy, smil'd, and let a Fart.

But then to finish all, that they might see

How blest'd we'll be to late Posterity,

The Cubs must be brought forth, so fine and
pretty,

And all agreed the Brats were wond'rous witty.

Then visiting from Close-stool to the Throne,

They march'd away, and so the Farce was done.

FINIS.